

*The Comickall Historie of*

Yet do not suddenly, for it may greeve him.

*Sal.* A kinder Gentleman treades nor the earth,  
I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,

*Bassanio* told him he would make some speed

Of his returne: he answered, do not so,

Slumber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,

But stay the very riping of the time,

And for the Jewes bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of love:

Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts

To Courtship, and such faire ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there,

And even there his eye being big with teares,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

*Sol.* I thinke he onely loves the world for him,

I pray thee let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heavinesse

With some delight or other.

*Sal.* Do we so.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Servitor.

*Ner.* Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,

And comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arragon*, his traine and *Portia*.

*Por.* Behold, there stand the Caskets noble Prince,

If you choose that wherein I am containd,

Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemiz'd:

But if you faile, without more speech my Lord

You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Arra.* I am enioynd by oath to observe three things,

First, never to unfold to any one

Which Casket twas I chose; next, if I faile

Of the right Casket, never in my life

To wooe a maide in way of marriage:

Lastly,

*the Merchant of Venice.*

Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choyse,

Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth sweare

That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

*Arr.* And so have I addrest me; fortune now

To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*

You shall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.

What sayes the golden cheft, ha, let me see,

*Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,*

What many men desire, that many may be meant

By the foole multitude that choose by shew,

Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,

Which pries not to th'inheritor, but like the Martlet

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

Even in the force and rode of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,

And ranke me with the Barbarous multitudes.

Why then to thee thou silver treasure house,

Tell me once more what title thou doest beare;

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:*

And well said to; for who shall go about

To couzen Fortune, and be honourable,

Without the stamp of merit, let none presume

To weare an undeserv'd dignity:

O that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour

Were purchast by the merit of the wearer,

How many then should cover that stand bare?

How many be commanded that command?

How much low peasantry would then be gleaned

From the true seed of honour? and how much honour

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,

To be new varnish'd; well, but to my choyse.

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves,*

I will assume desert; give me a key for this,

And instantly unlocke my fortunes heere.

*Portia. Too*